1. What meane you sir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loved me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I have borne in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't.

2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made up this garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine condolements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thrive, you'l remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeve it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe,
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a paire of Bases.

2. Wee'l sure provide, thou shalt have
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour me but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselves,

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter here,
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expr
My commendations great, whose merits lesse,

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which heaven makes like it selfe:
As Iewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his device.

Thai. Which to preserve mine honour, Ile perf

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre hims

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned fathe
And the device he beares upon his shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his life of

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the device he beares upon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee p*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his device,
A wreathe of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey*

The fourth Knight.

King. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning . . . that's turned upside do
The word; *Quin . . . e extinguit.*

King. Which sh . . . hat beauty hath his pow
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thai. The fift, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tride